

1984

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### Recommended Citation

Ross, Bruce Clunies, The paradise tram, *Kunapipi*, 6(3), 1984.  
Available at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol6/iss3/3>

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## The paradise tram

### Abstract

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# The Paradise Tram

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It may have been literal-minded or naïve of our forefathers to give such names to their suburbs, yet it was appropriate, for as Donald Horne has pointed out, Graeme Davison explained, and even Robin Boyd acknowledged, the suburbs are the outcome of an Australian dream.<sup>1</sup> In his books about Australia, Donald Horne has given a lot of attention to this part of our culture. We were, he suggests, 'the first suburban nation'; our towns were 'important frontiers, putting into effect the suburban aspirations of the Old World'.<sup>2</sup> Hugh Stretton, in *Ideas for Australian Cities* (1970), devoted a chapter to considering 'Australia as a Suburb'. Yet this distinctive contribution which Australia has made to civilization has been the object of ridicule by most of its artists and intellectuals, with the exception of Horne, Stretton and very few others. The term *suburbia* is usually used with negative connotations, and images of the suburbs: street names, domestic architecture, interior decoration, garden furniture, household cookery and diurnal rituals have provided most of us at times with a source of innocent amusement. Perhaps we should examine the suburbs and the idea of *suburbia* a little more closely.

It is easy to distinguish city from country in Australia but harder to get a clear view of the suburbs. From the perspective of the old debate between city and country, Australian cities are monolithic entities in which the suburbs are integrated. This is the way Bernard Smith saw

them in his essay 'On Perceiving the Australian Suburb'<sup>3</sup> and his examples are metropolitan, rather than specifically suburban. But to the people who live in them, the suburbs are different from either the city or the country. The sense of inhabiting a third, and perhaps intermediate milieu is a fundamental suburban experience. It is confirmed by regular journeys between suburbs and city, and qualified by a recognition of difference when crossing from one suburb to another. It is useful to acknowledge this common distinction, as Bruce Dawe does in *Sometimes Gladness* (1978),<sup>4</sup> for example, as it reflects the experience of most suburbanites, though perhaps not of the inhabitants of that borderland now often called the 'inner city' which is really the inner suburbs. Some things which appear to be urban (or metropolitan) can, with a change of perspective appear as suburban, and *vice versa*.

A striking quality of the Australian suburbs when viewed from inside is their dynamic variety. Residents of Watson's Bay and Flinders Park, Eltham and Bankstown or Carlton and Sylvania share the common ground of suburban experience, but very little else. They are unlikely even to meet, or explore each others' domain. They may have chosen their particular suburb for reasons of wealth (or the lack of it), snobbery or convenience, but vaguer factors, like an appreciation of the atmosphere of a certain suburban milieu and a feeling that they would be more comfortable there than in another, probably also influenced their choice. The range of difference between suburbs exists within cities and also varies from city to city, because each Australian city has generated a different pattern of suburban development. This is true, at least, of the three in which I have lived.

Because I was born in Adelaide — or rather, in Semaphore, and raised in Colonel Light Gardens — I have no difficulty in distinguishing between city and suburbs. Colonel Light arranged for me, and all residents of Adelaide, by insulating the city square mile with a belt of parklands and consigning the future population to well-defined suburbs, except for the few lucky enough to live in the similarly insulated island of North Adelaide, a suburb most readily comparable with the Garden District of New Orleans, though North Adelaide is more compact and less ostentatious. It was from here that Hugh Stretton wrote his defence of *suburbia*, and this no doubt influenced some of his ideas for Australian cities.

In Melbourne, city and suburbs merge in a belt of industrial suburbs with terrace housing around the centre, beyond which the outer suburbs extend over an enormous area (3,000 km<sup>2</sup>) for the population of just over two and a half million. Melbourne sprawls out from the centre.

Suburban development in Sydney has been determined by its spectacular setting. The harbour shoreline of bays and promontories has (except when it is taken up by the military) created the possibility of something like adjacent 'villages'<sup>5</sup> around the water, and these provide many of the images of Sydney. However, there is something in Les Murray's suggestion<sup>6</sup> that Sydney is a spectacle of emblematic sights which visitors come to see from the country, and even from that other Sydney, west of the Harbour, where most of the inhabitants live, and which contains two of Australia's most famous suburbs: Sarsaparilla and Barranugli.

There are possibly related distinctions, which cannot be pressed too far, between the different ways the suburbs of these three cities have entered into literature. Adelaide has, until recently, remained modestly silent. Melbourne inspired one of the earliest attacks upon the suburbs, Louis Esson's *Song of the Suburbs* (1906) which foreshadowed Barry Humphries' *Wild Life in Suburbia* (1957) by half a century. Sydney's inner and harbour suburbs have provided the setting and even the occasion for a stream of novels and poems.

One of the earliest, Louis Stone's *Jonah* (1911) is probably rightly considered a city novel, for although it is set in the inner suburb of Waterloo, the characters experience their place as central and the suburbs as peripheral:

...among the odd nocturnal sounds of a great city ... the ear caught a continuous rumble in the distance that changed as it grew nearer into the bumping and jolting of a heavy cart.

It was the first of a lumbering procession that had been travelling all night from the outlying suburbs — Botany, Fairfield, Willoughby, Smithfield, St Peters, Woollahra and Double Bay...<sup>7</sup>

In the same book, just a few pages further on, there is a scene at Cremorne Point which foreshadows the idea, prominent in a range of recent commentary on the suburbs from Hugh Stretton to Barry Oakley, that the suburbs are the domain of women (and children) while the city is the sphere of male activity.

Clara ran forward with a cry of pleasure, her troubles forgotten as she saw the harbour lying like a map at her feet. The opposite shore curved into miniature bays, with the spires and towers of the city etched on a filmy blue sky. The mass of bricks and mortar in front was Paddington and Woollahra, leafless and dusty where they had trampled the trees and green grass beneath their feet, the streets cut like furrows in a field of brick. As the eye travelled eastwards from Double Bay to South Head the red roofs became scarcer, alternating with clumps of sombre foliage. Clara looked at the scene with parted lips as she listened to music. ...

From where they sat they could see a fleet of tramps and cargo-boats lying at anchor on their right. Jonah examined them attentively, and then his eyes turned to the city, piled massively in the sunlight, studded with spires and towers and tall chimneys belching smoke into the upper air.<sup>8</sup>

Though Clara surveys the eastern suburbs stretching towards South Head and Jonah's gaze fixes on the centre, they both identify what they see as the *city*.

By the thirties the literary perspective had changed, and this perhaps reflected the development of Australian suburbs in the first decades of this century. Lennie Lower's *Here's Luck* (1930) has a very similar setting to *Jonah*: a neighbourhood of terrace houses near the centre, but in this book it is identified as suburban. 'Money is close in the city and I haven't noticed its proximity in the suburbs,' says Gudgeon at the beginning of the novel,<sup>9</sup> and a lot of the following action seems to be intended as a travesty of suburban life, notably the struggle between houseproud women and undomesticated men, a variation on the theme which associates the suburbs with women. However, in *Here's Luck* the comedy is never a way of ridiculing *suburbia*, for conformism or bad taste, for example, and Mr Gudgeon and his son Stanley manage to live very unconventionally in their suburban habitat.

An inner suburb is the actual subject of Kylie Tennant's *Foveaux* (1939) which charts its decline into a slum and incorporation into the city of Sydney. The novel is notable because Foveaux is seen as a place which originally preserves variety and eccentricity and yet fosters a strong sense of community, so strong, in fact, that those who have grown up in it, but later moved away, are continually drawn back, even in its decline. It has precisely those attributes which are allegedly stifled by *suburbia*, and one character in the novel, the effete, sandal-wearing, self-proclaimed genius Wilfred, is ridiculed for his pretentious opinions about suburban respectability, something which is also refuted by the rich variety of suburban life depicted in the novel.

Christina Stead's Australian novels also reveal a pervasive sense of suburban variety. Fisherman's Bay, and the eastern suburbs all the way in to Woolloomooloo are in the foreground of *Seven Poor Men of Sydney* (1934) and the novel ranges from Annandale to the wooded suburbs of the north shore ('the built-in Paradise forest' as Les Murray puts in a recent poem),<sup>10</sup> from poverty in Paddington to idyllic images of the suburbs along the harbour. However, there is no *suburbia* in this novel, nor in *For Love Alone* (1945). The milieu which Teresa wants to escape, represented in the brilliant description of Malfi's wedding, for example,

is stifling and conventional, but it is not thus characterised because it is suburban.

None of these pre-war Sydney novels mounted the stock attack on *suburbia* and *Foveaux* deliberately pre-empted it. Admittedly none of their settings extended to the western or outer suburbs, but in these years Australians could become familiar with a fictionalised outer suburb through the comic strip *Ginger Meggs*.<sup>11</sup> Bancks obviously took a lot of trouble to elaborate the setting which is prominent in many of the strips. It is unmistakably suburban, with gossiping neighbours, local schools, churches, shopping centres, gangs, commuting fathers and powerful home-loving mothers. It includes a social mix from Ragsey and his family at one end of the scale to Cuthbert Fitzcloon and his protective mother at the other. It is also idyllic — within walking distance of secluded swimming-holes and good fishing — but not quite paradisal, due to the presence of Tiger Kelly and Flogwell the teacher.

The examples I have mentioned so far seem to point to the conclusion that certain suburbs at least escape the blight of respectability, conformity and philistinism, and even mockers of *suburbia* implicitly allow some places of sanctuary secure from its vices. These are usually near the centres of cities, though since about the time of the Bohemian migration to Eltham<sup>12</sup> they have also included select outer suburbs. It is not more dangerously conformist to live in the Diamond Valley electorate than in Pott's Point or St Kilda; no one dare suggest that what goes on behind the suburban terraces of Carlton, Paddington or Balmain is respectable. None of these areas are condemned for philistinism; on the contrary, they are famed for their fashionable style and wit. Perhaps *suburbia* is somewhere in those suburban tracts where artists and the intelligentsia do not congregate, but they are difficult to locate. Closer inspection reveals many of them flourishing like Les Murray in Chatswood and George Dreyfus in Camberwell, the home of Barry Oakley's untrendy Mrs Ryan. Indeed, the suburbs are good places for poetry and musical composition. Away from the main roads they are quiet, and in a suburban house in its own block of land the poet and composer can enjoy long periods of the secluded privacy needed for creative work. If it is difficult to chart *suburbia* this is because it is perhaps not so much a place as an idea and set of attitudes. Australia had suburbs long (though perhaps not very long) before it was blighted by *suburbia*. To discover that, we had to be educated.

Professor David Armstrong thought that one of those who educated us was Barry Humphries.<sup>13</sup> Certainly, his acts began to be noticed around the peak of the post-war campaign of mockery directed at the suburbs for

which Barry Humphries and Patrick White are sometimes thought to be mainly responsible. However, it should not be forgotten how extensive this campaign was. Humphries was initially successful because he dared dramatise attitudes which were widely assumed by the Australian intelligentsia in the two post-war decades. Some of his early admirers also resented him for being clever enough to create popular lampoons out of stylistic clichés they enjoyed impersonating themselves. The criticism and mockery of Australia for being philistine and conformist in ways considered typically suburban infected such intellectual journalism as then existed, from an article by Alan Morehead in *Horizon* in 1947 to the special Australian issue of *London Magazine* in 1962 and beyond.<sup>14</sup> It was a topic in many of the 'state of Australia' books, especially the Jeremiads, as late as Ian Moffitt's *The U-Jack Society* and Robin Boyd's *The Great Great Australian Dream*, both from 1972. By that time the idiom which Barry Humphries had popularised, with its circumlocutions, evasions and blend of formality and solecism, was becoming an easy convention for insinuating ridicule, and it is invoked by Moffitt and Boyd for just this purpose. Amongst all this, however, *Wild Life in Suburbia* (1957), Robin Boyd's *The Australian Ugliness* (1960), which taught unsuspecting Australians to see the tasteless vulgarity of their architecture and design, and a celebrated passage in George Johnston's *My Brother Jack* (1964),<sup>15</sup> were the popular guides to a rediscovery of Australian *suburbia*.

It had already been discovered at least once before, by the group of Melbourne writers which forms the subject of David Walker's *Dream and Disillusion* (1976): Louis Esson, Vance and Nettie Palmer, Frederick Sinclair, Frank Wilkott and Esmond Higgins. Inspired perhaps by Louis Esson's attack on suburban attitudes before the First World War, they developed, in the inter-war years, a critique of the suburbs which depicted them as a threat to the Australian ideals and aspirations associated with the *Bulletin* and the nationalist movement of the 1890s. It was in this circle that the word *suburbia* began to be used with negative connotations, and the concept acquired some interesting implications. Sinclair, for example, warned that Australia was in danger of becoming an 'outlandish suburb of England or Europe'<sup>16</sup> and thus linked *suburbia* with colonial deference. It is curious that in the attacks on *suburbia* which developed after the Second World War this argument took an opposite twist. Instead of rejecting the suburbs for betraying Australia's unique destiny, some of the post-war critics attacked them for failing to match overseas standards and buttressed their criticisms by invoking crushing international comparisons, a form of argument which rested on an appeal to the colonial cringe. Robin Boyd, for example, ridiculed the suburban



sprawl of the satellite town of Elizabeth by comparing it unfavourably with the high-density, high-rise Hansa development in West Berlin about the same time.<sup>17</sup> It is not known whether he canvassed the views of any Germans living in the suburban houses of Elizabeth, or in the high-rise apartments of West Berlin, for that matter, but his ploy seemed hard to answer at a time when fewer Australians travelled abroad.

By the post-war years the term *suburbia* had become a cliché, and even defenders of the suburbs like Donald Horne were prepared to admit some of its adverse connotations. What Horne and a few others objected to was the way in which *suburbia* and the images it evoked could be used to dismiss a prominent aspect of Australian civilization without enquiring into its nature. Neither Barry Humphries nor Patrick White were guilty of such shallow simplifications, though both occasionally slipped into mere anti-suburban tirades, as White did in the opening paragraph of 'A Woman's Hand'<sup>18</sup> where a suburban setting is overloaded with prejudicial images which impose a superior, if witty, view on the reader before he can form his own opinion. It is perhaps a tribute to the artistry of both Humphries and White that Moonee Ponds and Sarsaparilla escaped from their creators' clutches and became popular images for ridiculing Australia. Unfortunately, in some areas they have fossilised.<sup>19</sup>

An attempt to rehabilitate the suburbs was made by Hugh Stretton in *Ideas for Australian Cities* (1970), a book which concedes mistakes and infelicities in Australian urban planning but recognizes the potential for life in the typical Australian suburb. Stretton's case emerges strongly when set against the arguments of Robin Boyd, who in *Australia's Home* (1952) offered this characterisation of the home-owner: 'The Australian town-dweller spent a century in the acquisition of his toy: an emasculated garden, a five-roomed cottage of his very own, different from its neighbours by a minor contortion of window or porch — its difference significant to no one but himself.'<sup>20</sup> It is the very last word of that paragraph that mattered to Hugh Stretton. He did not see a house in an enclosed garden as a toy or potential tourist attraction, but as a place to live in, which enlarged the options for individual difference and personal development more than alternate forms of housing, while retaining the possibility of informal community. He was rightly concerned with the extraordinary variety of things which might be going on inside the house, not with how it looked to the passing architect on a tour of inspection.

The passage just quoted from Robin Boyd begins a strange chapter in *Australia's Home* where he tried to diagnose a condition called 'suburban neurosis', implicitly mainly a female complaint, somehow caused by *suburbia*. The problem, as Robin Boyd saw it, seemed to be that woman's

tyranny in the home prevented the man — the home-owner — from enjoying his toy. Odd though this argument is, it acknowledges a characteristic of the suburbs noticed by Donald Horne and others, and taken up by Anne Summers in *Damned Whores and God's Police* (1975), that their development reinforced the divisiveness of the sexes in Australia by creating separate spheres of male and female activity. This is recognized by Stretton, and is fundamental to his book, which confronts the fact that suburbs are primarily the domain of women and children and argues that suburban planning and domestic architecture should aim at protecting and increasing their possibilities for full lives. This is an aspect of suburban life (not specifically Australian) which is only glossed by the critics of *suburbia* (by making the suburban stereotype a woman, for example) but explored more sympathetically by Thea Astley, in *Slow Natives* (1965), as well as in other novels, and more recently by Christine Townend, amongst others.<sup>21</sup>

Even while *suburbia* was being ridiculed, childhood in the suburbs, where most Australian growing-up goes on, was imaginatively evoked in a range of works from *Ginger Meggs* to the opening pages of Hal Porter's *Watcher on the Cast-Iron Balcony* (1963), Thomas Keneally's *The Fear* (1965), Barbara Hanrahan's autobiographical novels *The Scent of Eucalyptus* (1973) and *Kewpie Doll* (1984), and *Puberty Blues* (1979) by Gabrielle Carey and Kathy Lette. The last three recapture the experiences of young girls growing up in suburban milieux which are precisely differentiated in time and place: Barbara Hanrahan's heroine in the unnamed old suburb (which is clearly Thebarton to anyone who knows Adelaide) during the fifties and the girls in *Puberty Blues* in Sylvania during the seventies. All three books, in rather different ways, recreate the suburban experience of place by reference to local institutions and rituals: milk bars, bus journeys, schools, shopping centres, neighbours, intersuburban rivalries, youth clubs or shaggin-waggon. A similar world is suggested in Frank Moorhouse's *Tales of Mystery and Romance* (1977) through the narrator's recollections of his high-school love affair in the aptly named Sydney suburb of Concord. Indeed, the suburbs commonly provide the settings for the dawns of physical love and the first unsatisfactory experiments with sex, and it is often details of the settings for these events — the grandfather's house in a suburban slum, an empty classroom after school, a suburban house temporarily bereft of parents, a drive through residential streets in the back of a van — which assume the prominent place in the protagonist's memory. It is details of just this kind which provoke the idyllic, possibly rose-tinted recollections of the narrator in *Tales of Mystery and Romance*. In that book, as in *The Watcher on the Cast-Iron*

*Balcony*, *The Scent of Eucalyptus* and *Kewpie Doll* whole passages are given over to nostalgic evocations of suburban images. In this respect, far from being the object of ridicule, the suburbs take on some of the qualities of a lost paradise.<sup>22</sup>

There are perceptions of difference in this writing which are missed by the 'suburb-haters' as David David calls them in Peter Mathers *Trap* (1966). To their inhabitants the suburbs are not simply *sub urban*. They are like cells in a vast organism, simultaneously growing in some places and decaying in others, which react, often in unexpected ways, to changes throughout the organism. Instead of the sameness which the critics of *suburbia* thought they saw, we are beginning to discover the distinction of suburban life and realize that a lot of it is mysterious.

Bruce Dawe has captured some of this in 'The Rock-Thrower',<sup>23</sup> for example, and in other poems — 'Homo Suburbensis' and 'Suburban Lovers' — has explored with sympathy the quality of suburban lives. Peter Carey has discovered the insubstantial nature of suburban landmarks we took for granted, and Murray Bail, concerned more with actions and rituals, has written a few stories which reveal the oddness of ordinary suburban life, as it appears to the man up a gum tree in 'Life of the Party', a story which evokes a rich sense of suburban experience. Its carefully understated tone — though mocking — is saved from mere burlesque by the appropriate strangeness of the situation. It is a subtle advance on Moonee Ponds. These writers do not make the suburbs ridiculous because they are ordinary; rather, they point to mysteries underlying the superficial similarities.

Les Murray has a recent poem which moves from an invocation of suburban images and mood to a definition of the kind of rarely noticed grace which is revealed in equanimity.<sup>24</sup> The poem seems to suggest that this is something which touches suburban lives, but is easily upset when we question it. It is a sign, perhaps, that we are learning to live without suburban achievement.

There is much in the fluidity of suburban life which remains to be imaginatively explored. Suburbs change in relation to each other constantly, sometimes subtly, sometimes dramatically, like the reversal from centrifugal to centripetal flow in the sixties and seventies as young people sought a new style of life in the inner suburbs. This appears to have been a flight from *suburbia*, since it led to the identification of certain districts: Paddington, Balmain and Carlton, for example, as metropolitan rather than suburban.

This territory has been charted by a number of writers: Frank Moorhouse, Michael Wilding, Helen Garner and Barry Oakley, amongst

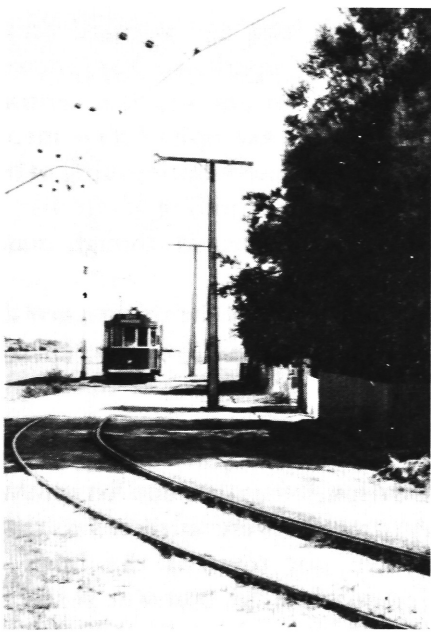
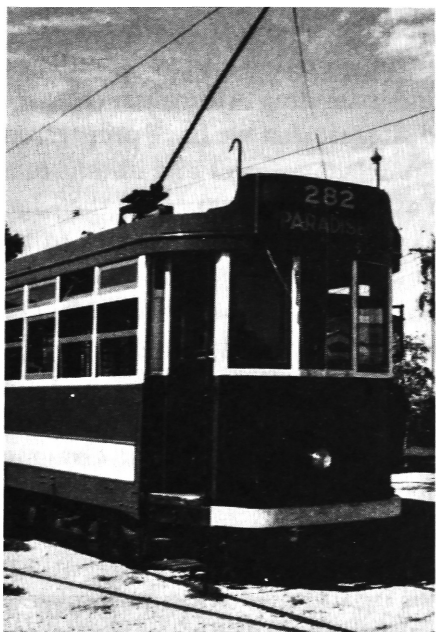


Tram at Paradise Terminus.

**It was the last  
tram to Paradise**



The Last Tram to Paradise, 19 July 1958.



others. However, this is not strictly suburban writing, since it is usually somehow concerned with a sense of being at the centre of things, and it is precisely the sense of *not* being at the centre of things which is the common ground of suburban experience. There is a story by Barry Oakley which turns on precisely this point. 'The Death of Sardanapalus'<sup>25</sup> shifts between Mrs Teresa Ryan, housewife, in Camberwell, and Bob Tartau, her trendy young English tutor, in Fitzroy. Mrs Ryan's world is explicitly suburban — it reverberates shatteringly to the arrival of Bob Tartau on his motor bike, for example — and her anxiety about not being sufficiently fashionable partly explains her attraction to her tutor. His attitudes are those of what has been called 'the new inner city',<sup>26</sup> and he is exposed in the end as a complete phony. The point, of course, depends not on the actual status of the territory, however that might be determined, but upon how it is imagined and depicted in fiction. The areas near the centres of Sydney and Melbourne which do not seem to belong to *suburbia* in the fictions of the writers just mentioned were firmly established as suburban in *Trap*. Peter Mathers focusses on local images and the things people do as inhabitants of a suburb, even to the point of making his diarist-narrator a council employee. *Trap* is pervaded by a strong feeling for the suburbs of Sydney and Melbourne, and captures the way suburbanites can have a discriminating sense of place.

Not so long ago Bernard Smith raised the question of whether our suburban experience has entered our imagination. It is a difficult problem, but one which is central to understanding Australian culture. Some of the examples I have mentioned suggest that we have progressed beyond the mere burlesquing of a few suburban gestures and idioms to a deeper understanding of our distinction as a suburban nation on the edge of a vast wilderness, though many areas of suburban life remain to be explored.

The writers of the thirties saw the suburbs as a threat to a rural ideal of Australia; Bernard Smith, in the essay just mentioned, reversed the argument and charged that Australia's rural legends created a 'false consciousness' in relation to our suburban reality. Both positions miss the point, recognized by historians like Fred Alexander and Graeme Davison,<sup>27</sup> that the suburbs contained the legend. They grew not because Australians were attracted to the cities, but because city workers were drawn out towards the bush and its possibilities. The suburban Jeremiads of the post-war years, followed by a limited attempt to reverse the process and create an alternative metropolitan culture in what is now called the 'inner city', probably reflect a critical point in Australian

suburban development, but the process is irreversible, and the suburbs will remain the sphere in which Australians create their distinct forms of life.

The last Paradise tram ran over a quarter of a century ago. Its disappearance, like its previous existence, failed to inspire a memorial; apparently no one even thought of photographing it,<sup>28</sup> perhaps because Adelaide took Paradise for granted. The bus which replaced the tram found its way into a story by Murray Bail.<sup>29</sup> Here is its driver, Merv Hector, about to enter Paradise, transformed now, so that it looks a little more suburban:

As usual Hector waited to be thrilled by it, he stared and was ready, but a disappointment spread like the morning shadows. Streets were golden but seemed more like a finished sunset than the beginning of a day. When he stopped the bus it seemed further away — Paradise did. New tiles pointing in the sky spoilt the purity. But Paradise could be close by. It felt close by. The air was light, bright; he was at the edge of something.

#### NOTES

This is a revised version of a paper read at a conference on 'Country and Suburbs in Australian Literature' at the University of Stirling, Scotland, on 10 September 1983. I am grateful to Professor Norman Jeffares and the Faculty of English at Stirling for arranging the conference and to the Humanities Faculty at Copenhagen University for a grant to attend it.

1. Donald Horne, *The Next Australia* (Sydney, 1970), p. 16; *The Australian People* (Sydney, 1972), p. 188; Graeme Davison, *The Rise and Fall of Marvellous Melbourne* (Carlton, 1978), ch. 7; Robin Boyd, *The Great Australian Dream* (Rushcutters Bay, 1972), p. 50.
2. *The Australian People*, p. 188; *The Next Australia*, p. 143.
3. *The Antipodean Manifesto* (Melbourne, 1976). First published in *Australian Voices: Poetry and Prose of the 1970s*, ed. Rosemary Dobson (Canberra, 1975).
4. The poems in this book are arranged in groups. The first is called 'City'; the second 'Suburbs'. There are a number of others.
5. Fisherman's Bay is called a village in the opening paragraph of *Seven Poor Men of Sydney* (London, 1934), though it is served by a tram as well as a ferry.
6. In 'Starting from Central Railway — A Bush View of Sydney', originally published in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, 31 January 1981. Collected in *Persistence in Folly* (London & Sydney, 1984), pp. 100-104.
7. A & R Classics edition, Sydney, 1976, p. 154.
8. Op. cit., p. 178.
9. A & R Modern Comedies edition, Sydney, 1976, p. 5.

10. 'View of Sydney, Australia, from Gladesville road bridge', second of *The Sydney Highrise Variations* in *The People's Otherworld* (London & Sydney, 1983).
11. See John Horgan, ed., *The Golden Years of Ginger Meggs* (Medindie, 1978) and Barry Andrews, 'Ginger Meggs: His Story' in Susan Dermody, et al., *Nellie Melba, Ginger Meggs and Friends* (Malmsbury, 1982).
12. Some account of this is given by Richard Haese in *Rebels and Precursors* (Ringwood, 1981). See especially pp. 26-29.
13. David Armstrong, sleeve note to *Barry Humphries* (Parlaphone PMEO 9616).
14. Alan Morehead, 'Where Shall John Go? X — Australia', *Horizon*, XV, 86, 1947; *London Magazine*, September 1962; Jack Lindsay, 'The Alienated Australian Intellectual', *Meanjin*, 22, 1963.
15. Chapter 13, pp. 284-285 in Reprint Society edition, London, 1965.
16. Quoted in David Walker, *Dream and Disillusion* (Canberra, 1976), p. 98 and *passim*, esp. ch. 9.
17. *The Australian Ugliness* (rev. ed. Ringwood, 1968), p. 167.
18. Patrick White, *The Cockatoos* (London, 1974), p. 9.
19. In the minds of certain professional Australians, for example. See the review of Barry Humphries by Clive James in the *London Review of Books*, 5, 18, 1983, and the response by Christopher Lloyd in 5, 21, 1983.
20. Melbourne, 1952; Penguin ed. 1968, p. 281.
21. *The Beginning of Everything and the End of Everything Else* (Melbourne, 1974) and *Travels With Myself*, part 1 (Glebe, 1976).
22. See especially the passage in *Kewpie Doll* (London, 1984), pp. 77-78.
23. *Sometimes Gladness* (Melbourne, 1978), pp. 28-29.
24. 'Equanimity' in *Equanimities* (Copenhagen, 1982). Reprinted in *The People's Otherworld* and in *The Vernacular Republic: Poems 1961-1981* (Edinburgh, 1982).
25. Barry Oakly, *Walking Through Tigerland* (St Lucia, 1977).
26. Renate Howe, et al., eds., *The 'New' Inner City* (Belmont, 1978. Deakin University: Australian writers and the city; urban novels series, unit B).
27. Fred Alexander, *Australia Since Federation* (3rd ed., West Melbourne, 1976), pp. 367-368; Graeme Davison, op. cit., pp. 138-140.
28. A search of the Adelaide Archives (where the records of the Metropolitan Tramways Trust are held) and of the picture library of *The Advertiser* in Adelaide failed to produce a photograph to illustrate this essay.
29. 'Paradise' in *Contemporary Portraits and Other Stories* (St Lucia, 1975), pp. 116-117.